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(*From the London "Fun."*)

## MRS. BROWN HAS A DOG BROUGHT HOME.

I always did say, and them will be my words to my dyin' days, as animals is all very well in their places, and as to BROWN a-sayin' as it don't take much for to keep a dog, why it's downright foolishness, and don't stand to reason, though certainly you wouldn't give to a infant what you gives a dog, yet it costs money, as everythin' does as is money's worth, as the sayin' is.

When I see BROWN come up to the door a-leadin' of that big dog, as I took for a calf, it give me quite a turn. You never see such a awkward, knock-kneed, all-over-the-place animal, as didn't seem to have no command over hisself no ways, and by his footprints up them doorsteps you'd a-thought as he'd got fifty legs, that you would, like the alligator out of the woods.

I says, "'LIZA JANE, don't open the front door for all his knockin'. I will not have that beast a-besmearin' my passage with his paws as is capable of knockin' any one down if jumped on sudden." As well I remember poor MRS. JACOBS in Great Prescott-street, as was in wholesale glass and China line, with things that lovely a-comin' constant from over there in wooden cases with paper shavings as safeguards agin breakin', and always unpacked them in the four court, as I've stood myself a-lookin' at, and I'm sure that dog was her death, though bite her he did not, through her jumpin' on the crate for to save herself, as turnin' up sudden, pitched her into the airey, and never spoke agin.

So I don't hold with them large-sized dogs, as can reach up to the table with only their heads, and lick the cold meat if he hadn't time to collar the lot, as I see him try to do with my own eyes as BROWN was a-leadin' him through for to tie him up by the water-butt.

So I says to BROWN, "Whatever are you a-goin' to do with him." He says, "I've only got him for a few days" But, bless you, I see as he was a-kiddin', as the sayin' is, and a-comin' the artful to see how I took it. So I says, "If it's only for a few days it don't matter; but," I says, "live in the house with him I never can."

Bless you, he was down my throat in a minute, a-saying as I'd better stop till I was asked, and that some dogs was much more pleasanter than many as called theirselves Christians. I was natural hurt at them remarks, but didn't say nothin' more till I see BROWN a-fidgettin' about after supper.

So I says, "If it's that everlastin' dog as you're a-grizzlin' over, make your mind easy, for LIZA's give him all the bits, with a bowl of water and a lump of brimstone in, for fear as he should go mad and break his chain, and she's got some straw, and a bit of old stair-carpet for to make him a bed, as is a kind-hearted gal, and seemed to take to the brute, as nearly throwed her down, with his head a-towerin' over her'n, with his paws on her shoulder.

Bless you, BROWN, he couldn't rest till he'd gone out with a light for to see as the creature was all right, as in my opinion was the cause of his goin' on as he did, for animals is very like children, if you wakes 'em up when first off, it's hours afore you'll get 'em to sleep agin, and so I told Brown when he come up to bed. For I heard that brute a-givin' in to whines and short barks, as I know'd meant as he was a-tunin' up, as the sayin' is.

BROWN is one of them heavy sleepers as nothin' hardly won't rouse, and off like a church the minute as he's in bed.

I was a-droppin' off gentle like when I heard that dog a-makin' a sawin' sort of noise, as though he was a-gratin' of his chain, then I heard him give a short bark and then a lot of whines, and was just off when I started out of my skin, for he give a howl as sounded through the place agin.

A nice game he kep' up till I was pretty nigh mad. As to wakin' BROWN I might as well a-tried to wake the cemetry, for he only says, "Bother the dog," and off in a minute.

"Well," I says, "bear this I can't." So I goes to the staircase winder and opens it, as let in a chilly air, though I had got my thick cloak on and my head tied up. I didn't know the beasts name so calls him, "good dog;" but the moment as I spoke he flies out like a roarin' lion, and barked that furious, a-dashin' about like mad.

Well, I was that put out and thinks to myself as pr'aps a jug of cold water over him might quiet him down. So I gets the large stone pitcher, as is always kep' full a-standin' on the landin', and puts the candle on the winder-sell, and just as I'd got the pitcher to the winder if the candle wasn't blowed out, but I thought as I could aim at that barkin' brute, as was tied up just under the winder.

Well, I gets the jug up on the winder ledge, and was just a-givin' it a turn when it give a slip, and out it went, and must have ketched on the corner of the water-butt. I heard it smash with a crash as was distracting, and I hears some one cry out, "Murder! help! thieves! fire!" and I see a policeman's bull's-eye a-gleamin' and hears a rattle.

So I shets the window quick, and goes back to bed all in the dark a-listenin'. But soon there come a-hammerin' at the back-door as obligated me for to go down, and if there wasn't two police as says to me, "If you keeps wild beasts you did ought for to have 'em secured proper."

I says, "Who are you a-callin' wild beasts?" Says they, "Your dog, as has roused the neighborhood, as have sent to the station-house, and the party next door is pretty nigh drownded, and might have been killed with a stone pitcher a-fallin' on his head, as a night-cap ain't no protection agin."

I says, "Hang the dog! for what I cares I wish he was at Jericho." "Well," he says, "he may be by this time, for he's broke his chain and bolted."

Then I says, "Why ever did you disturb me?" "Cos," he says, "we thought as there was thieves, as the old gentleman next door hollared out."

And if it wasn't poor old MR. BRETTLE next door as had come out of his warm bed for to try and pacify that dog as I'd been and soused through and through with cold water, as is a asthmatic party already. If the stone pitcher hadn't broke its fall agin the water-butt it must have been certain death to him.

Well, I told the policeman for to look round in the mornin', and gets to bed agin. In the mornin', when BROWN drawded up the blind for to shave, I hear him say, "Here's a pretty go," and never did you see such work as that dog had made, why, if he hadn't been and dug a hole big enough for to bury hisself in, and that undermined the water-butt, as it was all sunk a-one-side. So BROWN says, "Where's the dog?"

I says, "Thank goodness, gone." "Gone!" says he. "Why he's worth ten guineas. I've bought him for a gentleman as asked me to keep him for a day or two."

"What!" I says, "you've paid the money for him," "Yes," says he. "We're ruined!" says I.

I couldn't rest, for as soon as ever breakfast was over I was out at the police station, but there didn't seem no chance of findin' the dog. I was put out, and went home with a heavy heart, offerin' of a half-a-sovereign to any one as would bring him. I wish I'd a-said five shillin's, for a boy brought him about three o'clock, as I do believe was only sent by them police as know'd where he was all the time.

Well, we fed him and coaxed him, 'LIZA JANE and me, and let him go about where he

liked, for I was afraid to let him go into the garden.

Well, at last he took a fancy for to lay on the mat in the passage just as I'd gone up stairs for to tidy myself up for tea. When I come down it was nearly dusk, and if that dog didn't growl that frightful at me as I couldn't come down stairs nor 'Liza Jane come up all the evenin', and we was prisoners till just on eight, when Brown come in as soon settled my gentleman, and sent him round to the public-house stables, as is his fit place.

As to poor Mr. Brettle I hadn't the courage to face him; but when I did he hadn't no idea as I'd throw'd the pitcher, but thought as it had fell accidental, as the sayin' is.

The money it cost for to set that water-butt right, and tidy up the garden after that dog was a little fortune, and I don't believe as ever Brown got all the money back as he'd paid for the dog, but he took care for to keep that dark, and if ever he said a word about anythin', I was always ready with askin' why he didn't bring home another dog?

(*From the Californian.*)

## A VENERABLE IMPOSTOR.

BY FRANK BRET HARTE.

As I glance across my table, I am somewhat distracted by the spectacle of a venerable head whose crown occasionally appears beyond, at about its level. The apparition of a very small hand—whose fingers are bunchy, and have the appearance of being slightly webbed—which is frequently lifted above the table in a vain and impotent attempt to reach the ink and, always affects me as a novelty at each recurrence of the phenomenon. Yet both the venerable head and bunchy fingers belong to an individual with whom I am familiar, and to whom, for certain reasons hereafter described, I choose to apply the epithet written above this article.

His advent in the family was attended with peculiar circumstances. He was received with some concern—the number of retainers having been increased by one in honor of his arrival. He appeared to be weary—his pretence was that he had come from a long journey—so that for days, weeks, and even months he did not leave his bed except when he was carried. But it was remarkable that his appetite was invariably regular and healthy, and that his meals, which he required should be brought to him, were seldom rejected. During this time he had little conversation with the family, his knowledge of our vernacular being limited, but occasionally spoke to himself in his own language—a foreign tongue. The difficulties attending this eccentricity, were obviated by the young woman who had from the first taken him under her protection—being, like the rest of her sex, peculiarly open to imposition—and who at once disorganized her own tongue to suit his. This was affected by the contraction of the syllables of some words, the addition of syllables to others, and an ingenious disregard for tenses and the governing powers of the verb. The same singular law which impels people in conversation with foreigners to imitate their broken English, governed the family in their communications with him. He received these evidences of his power with an indifference not wholly free from scorn. The expression of his eye would occasionally denote that his higher nature revolted from them. I have no doubt myself that his wants were frequently misinterpreted; that the stretching forth of his hands toward the moon and stars might have been the performance of some religious rite peculiar to his own country, which was in ours misconstrued into a desire for physical nourishment. His repetition of the word "goo-goo"—which was subject to a variety of opposite interpretations—when taken into conjunction with his size, in my mind seemed to indicate his aboriginal or Aztec origin.

I incline to that belief, as it sustains the impression I have already hinted at, that his extreme youth is a simulation and deceit; that he is really older and has lived before at some remote period, and that his conduct fully justifies his title as A Venerable Impostor. A variety of circumstances corroborate this impression: his tottering walk, which is a senile as well as a juvenile condition; his venerable head thatched with such imperceptible hair that, at a distance, it looks like a mild aureola, and his imperfect dental exhibition. But beside these physical peculiarities may be observed certain moral symptoms, which go to disprove his assumed youth. He is in the habit of falling into reveries, caused, I have no doubt, by some circumstance which suggests a comparison with his experience in his remoter boyhood, or by some serious retrospection of the past years. He has been detected lying awake, at times when he should have been asleep, engaged in curiously comparing the bedclothes, walls, and furniture with some recollection of his youth. At such moments he has been heard to sing softly to himself fragments of some unintelligible composition, which probably still linger in his memory as the echoes of a music he has long outgrown. He has the habit of receiving strangers with the familiarity of one who had met them before and to whom their antecedents and peculiarities were matters of old acquaintance; and so unerring is his judgment of their previous character that when he withholds his confidence I am apt to withhold mine. It is somewhat remarkable that while the maturity of his years and the respect due to them is denied by man, his superiority and venerable age is never questioned by the brute creation. The dog treats him with a respect and consideration accorded to none others, and the cat permits a familiarity which I should shudder to attempt. It may be considered an evidence of some Pantheistic quality in his previous education, that he seems to recognize a fellowship even in inarticulate objects; he has been known to verbally address plants, flowers, and fruit, and to extend his confidence to such inanimate objects as chairs and tables. There can be little doubt that, in the remote period of his youth, these objects were endowed with not only sentient natures but moral capabilities, and he is still in the habit of beating them when they collide with him, and of pardoning them with a kiss.

As he has grown older—rather let me say, as we have approximated to his years—he has, in spite of the apparent paradox, lost much, of his senile gravity. It must be confessed that some of his actions of late appear to our imperfect comprehension inconsistent with his extreme age. A habit of marching up and down with a string tied to a soda-water bottle, a disposition to ride anything that could by an exercise of the liveliest fancy be made to assume equine proportions, a propensity to blacken his venerable white hair with ink and coal dust, and an omniverous appetite which did not stop at chalk, clay, or cinders, were peculiarities not calculated to excite respect. In fact, he would seem to have become demoralized, and when, after a prolonged absence the other day, he was finally discovered standing upon the front steps addressing a group of delighted children out of his limited vocabulary, the circumstance could only be accbunted for as the garrulity of age.

But I lay aside my pen amidst an ominous silence and the disappearance of the venerable head from my plane of vision. As I step to the other side of the table, I find that sleep has overtaken him in an overt act of hoary wickedness. The very pages I have devoted to an exposition of his deceit he has quietly abstracted, and I find them covered with cabalistic figures and wild looking hieroglyphs with his forefinger dipped in ink, which doubtless in his own language conveys a scathing commentary on my composition. But he sleeps peacefully, and there is something in his face which tells me that he has already wandered away to that dim reign of his youth where I cannot follow him. And as there comes a strange stirring at my heart when I contemplate the immeasurable gulf which lies between us, and how slight and feeble as yet is his grasp on this world and its strange realities I find too late that I also am a willing victim of the Venerable Imposter.

## THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

BY FOWLER BRADNACK.

'Twas night—the clock had just struck ten,
When with a mighty din,
The stage-coach halted at the door
Of Smith's Hotel in Lynn;
An inside passenger got out,
Who straight went in the inn.

His portly figure was enwrapped
In overcoat of shag,
While one hand grasped a travelling-trunk,
The other held a bag;
And in the twinkle of his eye
You recognized a wag.

"Waiter," he cried, "show me a room—
I'm tired and travel-sore;
The waiter showed him to a room
Upon the second floor.
"Just stay a moment," said the man—
The waiter closed the door.

"Ye see," observed the traveller,
"Ere I can take a doze,
I'll have to ask a little help
In getting off my cloe's,
For I'm a trifle crippled,
And can't pull off my hose."

"All right," replied the waiter,
Who was a generous elf;
"I pities any man," said he,
"As can't undress hisself:
I'll very soon unrig you, Sir,
And lay you on your shelf."

"'Tis well," resumed the traveller,
Who dropped into a chair.
"First hang my wig upon yon peg,"
(And he took off his hair;)
"I'm like a case of glass," said he,
"And must be touched with care."

And as he spoke, he oped his mouth
As though it were a trap,
And thrust his fingers in the hole—
The waiter heard a snap,
And out there rolled two sets of teeth,
And fell into his lap.

"Now, waiter, just unscrew my arm—
But don't look so alarmed;
I'm helpless as a sailing ship
Upon a sea becalmed:
And when my arm you've taken off,
You'll see that I'm disarmed."

The waiter in astonishment
Upon the traveller gazed;
He thought so strange a stranger
Must certainly be crazed;
But when he saw the arm come off,
He was still more amazed,

And seemed inclined to go away.
"A moment more I beg,"
Cried out the waggish traveller;
"Help me unstrap my leg."
The waiter's hair began to rise
As off he pulled the peg.

"As sheep in summer," said the man,
"Rejoice to loose their fleeces,
So when I doff my limbs at night,
My happiness increases,
Because I cannot rest in peace
Unless I rest in PIECES!"

Then he apostrophized his limbs
In strange soliloquy;
"Alas!" said he, "one's in the earth,
The other's in the sea;
But though I well remember them,
They can't RE-MEMBER me.

"Now bring me here that looking-glass,
And I'll take out my eye;
Although I'm not a party man,
A "man of PARTS, am I;"
And as he uttered this vile joke
He laughed as if he'd die.

The waiter's hair now stood on end,
He trembled with affright;
"Surely," thought he, "no mortal eyes
Ere saw so strange a sight;"
But the man of fractions only sat
And laughed with all his might.

"Now lay my fragments in that box
Where they'll be out of sight;
Be careful not to drop the eye,
And mind the teeth don't bite.
My limbs go ON my trunk by day,
And IN my trunk at night."

But fear held fast the waiter,
He merely stood and stared;
To see such soul-appalling sights
He hadn't come prepared.
While the traveller only laughed the more
To see the man so scared;

And putting on a serious look,
In solemn accents said:
"There's only one thing more to do
Before I get in bed;
Steady yourself against the wall,
AND JUST UNSCREW MY HEAD!!!"

* * * * * * *

You've met afore the metaphor
About the camel's back;
('Tis a common aphorism where
The creature's made a hack;)
It says that 'tis the final straw
That makes his spine to crack.

It is as apt as it is old,
And in the waiter's case,
The meaning of the proverb is
Not difficult to trace,
For he could bear no more, but rushed
From out the accursed place,

And down the stairs, by threes and pairs,
He fled with speed as quick
As if an angry Nemesis
Pursued him with a stick,
Or as though the man without a leg
Had given him a kick.

And heavily as falls a log,
Or loaf of bread SANS leaven,
He fell upon the sanded floor,
And, pointing up towards heaven,
Shrieked out: "I've seen the Devil!
He's up in Number Seven!"

(*From Once a Week.*)

## BILLY BLAKE'S BEST COFFIN.

### A LANCASHIRE SKETCH.

Billy Blake was the best—indeed at one time he was the only joiner in our village. Whatever it was that might be wanted in the shape of woodwork, Billy had it to do. Nor was his work restricted to the requirements of the living; he labored also for the dead—he made coffins. This I have the best of reasons for remembering.

When I was about eleven or twelve years of age, my little cousin Jim, who had been my favorite playmate, and towards whose home in the neighboring village of Mawley I frequently turned my steps in the pleasant summer time, fell sick, and died.

I cannot tell you how great was my grief; nor can I say what were my simple notions of the shadowy King who robbed me of my companion.

Jim had been ailing for some time, then became so weak that he was not able to walk, and I remember that often on long summer evenings he was carried out of the house, and seated in a little chair just before the door, where the pleasant light of the evening sun could fall upon him, and where the gentle evening breeze, laden with the sweet perfumes gathered from garden and hedgerow, could fan his wasting cheek. We healthy children would amuse him with our play, would fetch and carry for him, and do all we could to win him for a short time from the sense of sickness.

As the light faded from the sky, our boisterous play was checked, and we gathered about my cousin, who begged his mother to let him sit out a little longer, and we talked together in our own infantile way, our talk always becoming more serious as the gray of the sky deepened more and more towards the darkness of night. We looked up into the sky, and watched the coming of star after star, and our dawning imaginations were busied with speculations, which rarely found larger expression than is summarised in the simple verse which we now and then said or sung:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Many of those evenings do I remember, and I remember, too, that as the summer faded, Jim faded with it, and, on one gusty night in October, died.

Billy Blake had to make my cousin's coffin, and as he was too busy to spare the time necessary for a journey as far as Mawley to measure little Jim, and as it was known that I was about the same age and size, Billy measured me. The coffin was made, and one night I went into the workshop to have a look at it. There were several people present, the "shop" being a sort of lounging-place for many of Billy's chums. One of these suggested that the coffin should be tried on to make sure that it would fit, and, though I shuddered a little at the time, I was prevailed upon to lie down in it, and then one of the men, carrying the joke rather too far, took the lid, and shut me in. I don't think I shall ever forget the terror which was mine just then.

My senses were preternaturally quickened. I heard the night wind, now rushing through the crevices of the closed door with shrill, angry voice, now dying away with sad moan-like sounds; and I noticed that even the chained dog in the yard changed his usual short sharp bark for a long terror-speaking howl. And then I seemed to feel all the horrors of being buried alive. Cold damp sweat oozed from my temples; there was a dull, heavy pressure upon my chest, as if there was the weight of a graveful of earth upon it; and if I had been capable of action at all, I should have torn at my throat in very madness, so much so did I seem to gasp for breath. My senses left me, and when the men took me out, I seemed very likely to have real need of the coffin into which they had put me for fun. When I had somewhat recovered, they carried me home; but I did not get rid of my terror that night, and have, ever since, had a lively idea of Billy Blake's coffin-making.

Why I thus turn aside from the story of Billy's Best Coffin to relate an incident in my own early life, I can scarce tell, but as it is written it shall stand.

It had always happened that whenever any of the big folks of the village died, all that was needed to put about them before they were laid in the quiet lap of Mother Earth, was obtained from the somewhat distant town. The village undertaker was not grand enough, and Billy Blake's skill was supposed to be unequal to the making of a coffin for a person of quality. Billy was often offended at this neglect, and just as often as there was a grand funeral at our parish church, did he rail at the pride which was not satisfied with the time traversed between life and death, but must needs exhibit itself when its poor object had done with the things of this world. On such occasions, Billy had a keen scent for contrast. A man's life and the epitaph cut on his grave-stone did not always agree the one with the other, and Billy would tell the reason why. He then liked to call a spade a spade.

Squire Walker, *the* rich man of the village, was all in all to most people. His word was law. If a poor vagrant, who had been tired with his or her tramp through the day, chanced to fall asleep on the cold village stones at night, he or she was taken to the lock-up, and next morning was taken before the squire at his own house; and, after the constable's brief evidence, and the long lecture of

the squire, was sent to prison as a rogue and vagabond, and one whose great crime was being found without having any "visible means of subsistence." The squire, too, had peculiar notions respecting the poor of his own neighborhood. Tom Nokes, with his long lanky body, his heavy boots, and weak ankles, might meet the squire in lane or "fowt," and acknowledge the dignity of the presence by pulling the tuft of hair which stuck out from under the brim of his battered hat, and it is possible that the great man would stiffly respond to the salute. But let Tom be seated at the head of some stile, and gazing down the field, then straightway the squire would see in that, evidence of Tom's having some design on the game.

The squire's social creed seemed to have suspicion of the poor for its principal article. Poor men's children were "brats." The poor as a class seemed to him to be a sort of human vermin, whose existence was permitted for some purpose or other, but to whom the Divine mandate "increase and multiply," was so obviously a mistake that it was the duty of all rich men to adopt a stern policy of repression towards them. It seemed to be the special business of the squire's life to keep the poor within bounds. On the bench, at the board of guardians, in his village, he had continually to complain of the troublesomeness of the poor.

Of course he pooh-poohed the new-fangled notions that spread so rapidly in his old age. The talk of education, of raising the poor to a higher moral and intellectual level, was all nonsense to him. He had known them so long, he said, yet had never seen anything good about them, and therefore, he reasoned, no good could come from them. It never struck him that there were faults on his side, that he purposely shut his eyes to the good that was in the class he detested, and that his notions of their unworthiness came quite as much from his imagination, heated unhappily by his own wrong-doing towards them, as from any induction based on facts which he or others had collected.

The longer he lived the more stubborn he became, and his anger at the changes which he could not help noticing, increased. Of course, his name had no sweet-smelling savor about it for the people amongst whom he lived. The poor hated him cordially indeed, and those of his own rank and condition had frequently to take such steps as would prevent the scandal which would surely follow the unchecked development of the evils which he was perpetually sowing. At last the end came. He died in a fit of rage at being balked in one of his purposes.

The fact that the squire was dead was soon known to all the villagers, and the importance of the event was attested by the immediate suspension of business, and by the congregation of people at the various places of gossip. The chief of these was the Golden Lion, where as an exception to the general rule, traffic was very considerably increased that afternoon and night, and on the few following days.

The Lion stood at the head of the village, and was a noted hostelry. It had been famous for many generations. Its occupants for a very long time had been of the same name and family. Indeed, to the villagers it would have seemed as queer to see any name except Ogden on the sign, as it would have done to have had a squire whose name was not Walker. Of the Ogdens more than one had spread their fame far beyond the boundaries of the village. The present occupant of the house was chiefly known for his fondness for outdoor exercises. He could traverse hill and moor the whole day without feeling weary, and would trudge a-foot after the hounds with an eagerness which showed that few enjoyed the sport so much as himself. Once or twice this passion for sport had brought him into serious dispute with the late squire, but as he held his house on lease, and was pretty well to do, he did not care much for the scolding he received.

On the morning after the squire's death, the landlord was standing at the front of his house, watching a team of fine horses which were just then slaking their thirst at the trough, and as he so stood, Billy Blake and a few of his cronies came in to discuss the news. Of course they couldn't do so without having a pint-pot at their side, and, entering the huge kitchen, they sidled towards the dresser, upon which Billy perched at once, whilst the others settled themselves as they could. The landlord followed them in. As soon as each had taken a pull at the beer which had been brought, Billy opened the conversation.

"Well, Ogden, thae sees he's gone at last," said he, addressing the landlord.

"Ay," replied the landlord, "an' aw hope he'll be betther wheer he's gone to nur he has been here."

"He'll find it hard wark t' be wuss," said a poverty-stricken little fellow, who had just edged his way into the kitchen, in the hope of getting a "sup" gratis.

From this start the conversation took many a turn, but never ran far from its main subject. Whatever the relatives of the squire might have to say respecting him, it was evident that this self-appointed court in the Lion kitchen were severe enough in their judgments. More than one had suffered the weight of the squire's displeasure, and remembered it. To others he had only spoken chance words, but they were words which, winged with unmerited scorn or contempt, had sunk deep into the hearers' hearts. All remembered how less than nothing they had been when the squire was present. Many stories were told which illustrated the life that had just ended. Some of these stories told of the time when the subject of them was a wild and reckless youth; and each of them was but the record of one more ill which the poor had to score against the memory of the squire.

The talk had lasted some time when Billy's little flaxen-headed girl came to say that he was wanted at home.

"Whoa wants me?" he asked.

"It's a felly fro' th' Ho', an' he says yo' mun be sharp, feyther," replied the girl.

"Aw wonder what anybody fro' th' Ho' con want wi' me," said Billy, and then, slipping from his perch, he went out to learn.

By-and-by he came back, with a face made comical by its puzzled expression. All stared at him a minute, and one asked—

"What's up, Billy?'"

"Yo' winno' believe me if aw tell yo', aw'm sure," said he; and then, after a momen'ts pause, he proceeded, "Yon fancy footman at they han up at th' Ho' has bin to eawr heawse, an' he tells me 'at aw am to mak' t' squire's coffin. He talked a great deal abeawt owd oak, and lead, an' aw know nor what, but aw wu r so gloppent at aw hardly yeard him. Ther' has no' a Walker deed these twenty yer past, but aw've grumblet abeawt ther sendin' to th' teawn for th' coffin, and neaw ut they've axed me to mak' 'em one, aw'll be hanged if aw dunno wish they'd go wheere the geet th' tothers. Dost think aw'st do reet to mak' it, Ogden?"

"Ay, to be sure, mon," said the landlord, "an' thae mun mak' it so as he conno' get eawt on't again."

"By th' mass aw'll tak' care o' that. An' aw'll show 'em what aw con do when aw get a nice bit o' timber i' my honds. It shall be th' best coffin ut's ever bin seen o' this counthry side, that it shall!"

"Well then, we'd betther *weet* it a bit before it goes whoam, had not we, lads?" asked a crony of Billy's, whos ingenuity was always equal to finding an occasion for tippling.

His present proposition met with so immediate and so unanimous an assent that Billy was fain to let his voice chime in with the rest.

Ere long he left the inn again, and busied himself about his work. He visited the Hall and in the richly-furnished room in which lay all that was mortal of the late squire, he ascertained what should be the size of the coffin which he had to make. For a couple of days his work was so engrossing that he was not seen outside his own home. But on the evening of the third day after the squire's death, he sent for several of his chums, and pointed with pride to the completed work, which lay in all the gloss of its newness on a low bench in the "shop." After giving his friends time to admire the workmanship to the full, Billy rolled down his shirt-sleeves, said briefly that he should "goo have a spree," and at once stepped out to the Golden Lion, whither, of course, the others followed him.

That night his spree lasted long. He was, as some would say, "gloriously drunk," and most of those who sat with him were almost as drunk as himself. To one man who was there occurred a thought which tickled him amazingly, and which, being communicated to two or three others seemed to give the prospect of considerable fun. It was a noteworthy thing about Billy that his coolness in all sorts of circumstances was such, that he had ever been a stranger to surprise. At different times attempts had been made to frighten him, but they had never succeeded. Now there was another chance, and some of the men present determined to avail themselves of it. That they might the better effect their purpose, they continued to ply Billy with drink until he was unconscious; then the two or three who had concocted the plot went out, and found a few other men, who they knew would enter into their scheme heartily. Two of these men went off to the shop—it was now near midnight—and brought out the squire's coffin, lid and all. They carried it on their shoulders, and taking the least frequented road, bore it to the churchyard. Here another couple of men joined them, armed with spades, with which they at once commenced cutting up sods, and then dug a hole sufficiently deep to take in the full height of the coffin.

Whilst these things were being done, the

other schemers were looking after Billy. They managed to get rid of all those whom they did not want, and then, taking hold of their man, they half-dragged, half-carried him, towards the churchyard. This was not by any means an easy task. The night was almost pitch-dark. Huge masses of clouds, driven by high winds, so frequently obscured the stars, that it was only at long intervals, and then but for brief moments, that they were visible at all. The men, excited by the mad freak with which they were engaged, had a keener sense of the solemnity of the night than they had ever before experienced. The dim outlines of barn and cottage, the fantastic shapes taken by the trees that stood here and there along their path, the white-faced stump of some newly lopped off branch—staring at them like the blanched face of a ghost—all these things made them rather regret that they had started at all, and seemed to prognosticate that whatever might be the result as regarded Billy, they at least would be frightened most completely.

But, as they had gone so far, they could not turn back. They screwed their courage to the sticking-point and went on. Billy, at times half wakened from his drunken sleep, would mutter something which they could not understand. By-and-by they reached the churchyard, and as they did so, one of their number, catching sight of a veritable human face peering at them from the other side of the wall, let go his portion of the burden, and was starting off at a gallop, when he was recalled by a comrade calling out, "Thae foo', it's nobbut Gallows Jack"—Jack being one of the amateur grave-diggers. Pushing their burden through the narrow wicket gate, through which these men did not often pass on Sundays,—they made a survey of the ground. All being quiet, and the coffin already in its hole, they laid Billy in it, and then softly laid the lid atop, taking care to put a stone between it and the coffin-side, to afford breathing space for their victim. Drink had taken too fast a hold of Billy for him to be at once conscious of what was being done, and the men, finding this to be so, went and hid themselves behind tombstones, behind trees, and wherever else they could obtain easy and near shelter from which they might watch for Billy's waking, without his being able to see them.

And now that they had done with action, now that it was theirs simply to watch, they found something for which they had not bargained. The intense silence oppressed them. They did not like this close contiguity to the church at night time. To one or other of them came unbidden all sorts of weird stories of which they had scarce ever thought since their youth—ere the love of the marvellous had been killed by the dull routine of their lives. If they looked towards the church, they could not help fancying that a face was staring at them through the diamond-shaped panes; the rush of the wind through the trees became a voice; the involuntary motion of one of themselves startled the rest; and even the continued silence of Billy in his scant grave added to their terror. Indeed, so completely had they been punished by their own scheme, that I believe they would have scampered home, if it had not happened that just at the time when their position was becoming positively unbearable, they heard signs of motion inside the coffin.

Staring with eager eyes, they saw the coffin-lid first lifted slightly, and then dropped again. In another moment it was fairly pushed off, and Billy, evidently puzzled by the narrow space in which he was confined, half rose; he looked round, saw first one grave-stone, then another, and then the outline of the village church, and seemed puzzled still more. Getting fairly out of the coffin, he stumbled about for a pace or two, and bent down to feel his nether limbs, which, no doubt, had a touch of cramp in them. Then he rubbed his eyes, as if there was something unreal in what he saw; but even this action would not lessen his perplexity. Alternately scratching his head, and digging his knuckles into his eyes, he seemed at last to make up his mind as to his position, for, sitting down on a near grave-stone, he said in a tone the quietness of which considerably astonished the watchers,—

"Well, aw guess aw mun be t' fust ut's rizzen!"

This rather singular confirmation of the truth of the doctrine of the Resurrection, was dispelled by the sudden rush of his chums, who, still half-frightened, soon made all clear to him, and confessed that they had been most completely beaten by him.

I need not tell how, after it had been carried to the shop, re-polished, and sent to receive its proper burden, the villagers took the last opportunity afforded them of seeing Billy Blake's best coffin.

To this day Billy's coolness is proverbial in our village.

JOHN WHITTAKER.

## SIR JOSHUA AND HOLBEIN.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

Long ago discarded from our National Gallery, with the contempt logically due to national or English pictures,—lost to sight and memory for many a year in the Ogygian seclusions of Marlborough House—there have reappeared at last (1860) in more honorable exile at Kensington, two great pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two, with others; but these alone worth many an entanglement among the cross-roads of the West, to see for half an hour by Spring sunshine;—the Holy Family, and the Graces, side by side now in the principal room. Great as ever was work wrought by man. In placid strength, and subtlest science, unsurpassed;—in sweet felicity, incomparable.

If you truly want to know what good work of painter's hand is, study those two pictures from side to side, and miss no inch of them (you will hardly, eventually, be inclined to miss one): in some respects there is no execution like it; none so open in the magic. For the work of other great men is hidden in its wonderfulness—you cannot see how it was done. But in Sir Joshua's there is no mystery: it is all amazement. No question but that the touch was so laid; only that it could have been so laid, is a marvel forever. So also there is no painting so majestic in sweetness. He is lily-sceptred: his power blossoms; but has dens not. All other men of equal dignity paint more slowly; all others of equal force, paint less lightly. Tintoret lays his line like a king marking the boundaries of conquered lands; but Sir Joshua leaves it as a Summer wind its trace on a lake; he could have painted on a silken veil, where it fell free, and not bent it.

Such, at least, is his touch when it is life that he paints: for things lifeless, he has a severer hand. If you examine that picture of the Graces, you will find it reverses all the ordinary ideas of expedient treatment. By other men flesh is firmly painted, but accessories lightly. Sir Joshua paints accessories firmly,* flesh lightly;—nay, flesh not at all, but spirit. The wreath of flowers he feels to be material; and gleam by gleam strikes fearlessly the silver and violet leaves out of the darkness. But the three maidens are less substantial than rose-petals. No flushed nor frosted tissue that ever faded in night-wind is so tender as they; no hue may reach, no line measure, what is in them so gracious and so fair. Let the hand move softly—itself as a spirit; for this is Life, of which it touches the imagery.

"And yet——"

Yes: you do well to pause. There is a "yet" to be thought of. I did not bring you to these pictures to see wonderful work merely, or womanly beauty merely. I brought you chiefly to look at that Madonna, believing that you might remember other Madonnas, unlike her, and might think it desirable to consider wherein the difference lay:—other Madonnas, not by Sir Joshua, who painted Madonnas but seldom. Who, perhaps, if truth must be told, painted them never: for surely this dearest pet of an English girl, with the little curl of lovely hair under her ear, is not one.

Why did not Sir Joshua—or could not—or would not Sir Joshua—paint Madonnas? neither he nor his great rival-friend Gainsborough? Both of them painters of women, such as since Giorgione and Correggio had not been; both painters of men, such as had not been since Titian. How is it that these English friends can so brightly paint that particular order of humanity which we call "gentlemen and ladies," but neither heroes, nor saints, nor angels? Can it be because they were both country-bred boys, and forever after strangely sensitive to courtliness? Why, Giotto also was a country-bred boy. Allegri's native Correggio, Titian's Cadore, were but hill villages; yet these men painted, not the court, nor the drawing-room, but the Earth: and not a little of Heaven besides, while our good Sir Joshua never trusts himself outside the park palings. He could not even have drawn the strawberry girl, unless she had got through a gap in them—or rather, I think, she must have been let in at the porter's lodge, for her strawberries are in a pottle, ready for the ladies at the Hall. Giorgione would have set them, wild and fragrant, among their leaves, in her hand. Between his fairness, and Sir Joshua's May-fairness, there is a strange, impassable limit—as of the white reef that in Pacific isles encircles their inner lakelets, and shuts them from the surf and sound of sea. Clear and calm they rest, reflecting fringed shadows of the palm-trees, and the passing of fretted clouds across their own sweet circle of blue sky. But beyond, still

round and round their coral bar, lies the blue of Sea and Heaven together—blue of eternal deep.

You will find it a pregnant question, if you follow it forth, and leading to many others, not trivial, why it is, that in Sir Joshua's girl, or Gainsborough's, we always think first of the Ladyhood; but in Giotto's, of the Womanhood? Why, in Sir Joshua's hero, or Vandyck's, it is always the Prince or the Sir whom we see first; but in Titians, the man.

Not that Titian's gentlemen are less finished than Sir Joshua's; but their gentlemanliness† is not the principal thing about them; their manhood absorbs, conquers, wears it as a despised thing. Nor—and this is another stern ground of separation—will Titian make a gentleman of every one he paints. He will make him so if he is so, not otherwise; and this not merely in general servitude to truth, but because in his sympathy with deeper humanity, the courtier is not more interesting to him than any one else. "You have learned to dance and fence; you can speak with clearness, and think with precision; your hands are small, your senses acute, and your features well shaped. Yes; I see all this in you, and will do it justice. You shall stand as none but a well-bred man could stand; and your fingers shall fall on the sword-hilt as no fingers could but those that knew the grasp of it. But for the rest, this grisly fisherman, with rusty cheek and rope-frayed hand, is a man as well as you, and might possibly make several of you if souls were divisible. His bronze color is quite as interesting to me, Titian, as your paleness, and his hoary spray of stormy hair takes the light as well as your waving curls. Him also will I paint, with such picturesqueness as he may have; yet not putting the picturesqueness first in him as in you I have not put the gentlemanliness first. In him I see a strong human creature, contending with all hardship: in you also a human creature, uncontending, and possibly not strong. Contention or strength, weakness or picturesqueness, and all other such accidents in either, shall have due place. But the immortality and miracle of you—this clay that burns, this color that changes—are in truth the awful things in both: these shall be first painted—and last."

With which question respecting treatment of character we have to connect also this further one: How is it that the attempts of so great painters as Reynolds and Gainsborough are, beyond portraiture, limited almost like children's. No domestic drama—no history—no noble natural scenes, far less any religious subject:—only market-carts: girls with pigs; woodmen going home to supper; watering-places; grey cart-horses in fields, and such like. Reynolds, indeed, once or twice touched higher themes,—"among the chords his fingers laid," and modified wisely; for strange to say, his very sensibility deserts him when he leaves his courtly quiet. The horror of the subjects he chose (Cardinal Beaufort and Ugolino) showed inherent apathy: had he felt deeply, he would not have sought for this strongest possible excitement of feeling,—he would not willingly have dwelt on the worst conditions of despair—the despair of the ignoble. His religious subjects are conceived even with less care than these. Beautiful as it is, this Holy Family by which we stand has neither dignity nor sacredness, other than those which attach to every group of gentle mother and ruddy babe; while his Faiths, Charities, or other well-ordered and emblem-fitted virtues are even less lovely than his ordinary portraits of women.

It was a faultful temper, which, having so mighty a power of realization at command, never became so much interested in any fact of human history as to spend one touch of heartfelt skill upon it;—which, yielding momentarily to indolent imagination, ended, at best, in a Puck, or a Thais; a Mercury as Thief, or a Cupid as Linkboy. How wide the interval between this gently trivial humor, guided by the wave of a feather, or arrested by the enchantment of a smile,—and the habitual dwelling of the thoughts of the great Greeks and Florentines among the beings and the interests of the eternal world.

In some degree it may indeed be true that the modesty and sense of the English painters are the causes of their simple practice. All that they did, they did well, and attempted nothing over which conquest was doubtful. They knew they could paint men and women: it did not follow that they could paint angels. Their own gifts never appeared to them so great as to call for serious question as to the use to be made of them. "They could mix colors and catch likeness—yes; but were they therefore able to teach religion, or reform the world? To support themselves honorably, pass the hours of life happily, please their friends, and leave no enemies, was not this all that duty could require, or prudence recommend? Their own art was, it seemed, difficult enough to employ all their genius: was it reasonable to hope also to be poets or theologians? Such men had, indeed, existed; but the age of miracles and prophets was long past; nor, because they could seize the trick of an expression, or the turn of a head, had they any right to think themselves able to conceive heroes with Homer, or gods with Michael Angelo?"

Such was, in the main, their feeling; wise modest, unenvious, and unambitious. Meaner men, their contemporaries or successors, raved of high art with incoherent passion; arrogated to themselves an equality with the masters of elder time, and declaimed against the degenerate tastes of a public which acknowledged not the return of the Heraclidæ. But the two great—the two only painters of their age—happy in a reputation founded as deeply in the heart as in the judgment of mankind, demanded no higher function than that of soothing the domestic affections; and achieved for themselves at last an immortality not the less noble, because in their lifetime they had concerned themselves less to claim it than to bestow.

Yet, while we acknowledge the discretion and simple-heartedness of these men, honoring them for both; and the more when we compare their tranquil powers with the hot egotism and hollow ambition of their inferiors: we have to remember, on the other hand, that the measure they thus set to their aims was, if a just, yet a narrow one; that amiable discretion is not the highest virtue, nor to please the frivolous, the best success. There is probably some strange weakness in the painter, and some fatal error in the age, when in thinking over the examples of their greatest work, for some type of culminating loveliness or veracity, we remember no expression either of religion or heroism, and instead of reverently naming a Madonna di San Sisto, can only whisper, modestly, "Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens."

The nature of the fault, so far as it exists in the painters themselves, may perhaps best be discerned by comparing them with a man who went not far beyond them in his general range of effort, but who did all his work in a wholly different temper—Hans Holbein.

The first great difference between them is of course in completeness of execution. Sir Joshua's and Gainsborough's work, at its best, is only magnificent sketching; giving indeed, in places, a perfection of result unattainable by other methods, and possessing always a charm of grace and power exclusively its own: yet, in its slightness addressing itself, purposely, to the casual glance, and common thought—eager to arrest the passer-by, but careless to detain him; or detaining him, if at all, by an unexplained enchantment, not by continuance of teaching, or development of idea. But the work of Holbein is true and thorough; accomplished, in the highest as the most literal sense, with a calm entireness of unaffected resolution, which sacrifices nothing, forgets nothing, and fears nothing.

In the portrait of the Hausmann George Gyzen,* every accessory is perfect with a fine perfection; the carnations in the glass vase by his side—the ball of gold, chased with blue enamel, suspended on the wall—the books—the steelyard—the papers on the table, the seal-ring, with its quartered bearings,—all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel. But every change of shade is felt, every rich and rubied line of petal followed; every subdued gleam in the soft blue of the enamel and bending of the gold touched with a hand whose patience of regard creates rather than paints. The jewel itself was not so precious as the rays of enduring light which form it, and flash from it, beneath that errorless hand. The man himself, what he was—not more; but to all conceivable proof of sight—in all aspect of life or thought—not less. He sits alone in his accustomed room, his common work laid out before him; he is conscious of no presence, assumes no dignity, bears no sudden or superficial look of care or interest, lives only as he lived—but forever.

The time occupied in painting this portrait was probably twenty times greater than Sir Joshua ever spent on a single picture, however large. The result is, to the general spectator, less attractive. In some qualities of force and grace it is absolutely inferior. But it is inexhaustible. Every detail of it wins, retains, rewards the attention with a continually increasing sense of wonderfulness. It is also

* As showing gigantic power of hand, joined with utmost accuracy and rapidity, the folds of drapery under the breast of the Virgin are, perhaps, as marvellous a piece of work as could be found in any picture, of whatever time or master.

† The reader must observe that I use the word here in a limited sense, as meaning only the effect of careful education, good society, and refined habits of life, on average temper and character. Of deep and true gentlemanliness—based as it is on intense sensibility and sincerity, perfected by courage, and other qualities of race; as well as of that union of insensibility with cunning, which is the essence of vulgarity, I shall have to speak at length in another place.

* Museum of Berlin.

wholly true. So far as it reaches, it contains the absolute facts of color, form, and character, rendered with an unaccusable faithfulness. There is no question respecting things which it is best worth while to know, or things which it is unnecessary to state, or which might be overlooked with advantage. What of this man and his house were visible to Holbein, are visible to us: we may despise if we will; deny or doubt, we shall not; if we care to know anything concerning them, great or small, so much as may by the eye be known is forever knowable, reliable, indisputable.

Respecting the advantage, or the contrary, of so great earnestness in drawing a portrait of an uncelebrated person, we raise at present no debate: I only wish the reader to note this quality of earnestness, as entirely separating Holbein from Sir Joshua,—raising him into another sphere of intellect. For here is no question of mere difference in style or in power, none of minuteness or largeness. It is a question of Entireness. Holbein is "complete" in intellect: what he sees he sees with whole soul: what he paints, he paints with his whole might. Sir Joshua sees partially, slightly, tenderly—catches the flying lights of things, the momentary glooms: paints also partially, tenderly, never with half his strength; content with uncertain visions, insecure delights; the truth not precious nor significant to him, only pleasing; falsehood also pleasurable, even useful on occasion—must, however, be discreetly touched, just enough to make all men noble, all women lovely; "we do not need this flattery often, most of those we know being such; and it is a pleasant world, and with diligence—for nothing can be done without diligence—every day till four" (says Sir Joshua)—"a painter's is a happy life."

Yes: and the Isis, with her swans, and shadows of Windsor Forest, is a sweet stream, touching her shores softly. The Rhine at Basle is of another temper, stern and deep, as strong, however bright its face: winding far through the solemn plain, beneath the slopes of Jura, tufted and steep: sweeping away into its regardless calm of current the waves of that little brook of St. Jacob, that bathe the Swiss Thermopylæ;* the low village nestling beneath a little bank of sloping fields—its spire seen white against the deep blue shadows of the Jura pines.

Gazing on that scene day by day, Holbein went his own way, with the earnestness and silent swell of the strong river—not unconscious of the awe, nor of the sanctities of this life. The snows of the eternal Alps giving forth their strength to it; the blood of the St. Jakob brook poured into it as it passes by—not in vain. He also could feel his strength coming from white snows far off in heaven. He also bore upon him the purple stain of the earth sorrow. A grave man, knowing, what steps of men keep truest time to the chanting of Death. Having grave friends also;—the same singing heard far off, it seems to me, or perhaps, even low in the room, by that family of Sir Thomas More; or mingling with that hum of bees in the meadows outside the towered wall of Basle; or making the words of the book more tuneable, which meditative Erasmus looks upon. Nay, that same soft Death-music is on the lips even of Holbein's Madonna. Who, among many, is the Virgin you had best compare with the one before whose image we have stood so long.

Holbein's is at Dresden, companied by the Madonna di San Sisto; but both are visible enough to you here, for, by a strange coincidence, they are (at least so far as I know) the only two great pictures in the world which have been faultlessly engraved.

The received tradition respecting the Holbein Madonna is beautiful; and I believe the interpretation to be true. A father and mother have prayed to her for the life of their sick child. She appears to them, her own Christ in her arms. She puts down her Christ beside them—takes their child into her arms instead. It lies down upon her bosom, and stretches its hand to its father and mother, saying farewell.

This interpretation of the picture has been doubted, as nearly all the most precious truths of pictures have been doubted, and forgotten. But even supposing it erroneous, the design is not less characteristic of Holbein. For that there are signs of suffering on the features of the child in the arms of the Virgin, is beyond question; and if this child be intended for the Christ, it would not be doubtful to my mind, that, of the two—Raphael and Holbein—the latter had given the truest aspect and deepest reading of the early life of the Redeemer. Raphael sought to express His power only; but Holbein His labor and sorrow.

There are two other pictures which you should remember together with this (attributed, indeed, but with no semblance of probability, to the elder Holbein, none of whose work, preserved at Basle, or elsewhere, approaches in the slightest degree to their power) the St. Barbara and St. Elizabeth.† I do not know among the pictures of the sacred school any at once so powerful, so simple, so pathetically expressive of the need of the heart that conceived them. Not ascetic, nor quaint, nor feverishly or fondly passionate, nor wrapt in with drawn solemnities of thought. Only entirely true—entirely pure. No depth of glowing heaven beyond them—but the clear sharp sweetness of the northern air: no splendor of rich color, striving to adorn them with better brightness than of the day: a gray glory, as of moonlight without mist, dwelling on face and fold of dress;—all faultless fair. Creatures they are, humble by nature, not by self-condemnation; merciful by habit, not by tearful impulse; lofty without consciousness; gentle without weakness; wholly in this present world, doing its work calmly; beautiful with all that holiest life can reach—yet already freed from all that holiest death can cast away.

* Of 1,200 Swiss, who fought by that brookside, ten only returned. The battle checked the attack of the French, led by Louis XI. (then Dauphin in 1444; and was the first of the great series efforts and victories which were stayed at Nancy by the death of Charles of Burgundy.

† Pinacothek of Munich.

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A Frenchman, writing to a friend in Paris about American boarding-houses, says that his one advice on the subject is *Prenez garde à la hache*, meaning, we presume, "Beware of the hash." But how about "boarding-house steaks?"

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There is a prospect, owing to recent developments, that the author of the recent attacks in the HERALD upon EDWIN BOOTH will soon have his portrait hung up in the "Rogue's Gallery," at the Central Police station. The other rogues object, but they will probably have to stand it.

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(From Chambers' Journal.)

## L. B. C.

Those composers of waltzes have a great deal to answer for. One can stand any amount of quadrille, which only serves to drown soft insinuations, and make flirtation difficult; the moribund but tenacious polka raises the spirits, and tarantularises the legs, but penetrates not to the heart; the stirring galop sends the dance-maniac into a paroxysm of insane emulation of the solar system, tops, impaled cockchafers, and everything else which is rotatory, and acts as a powerful sudorific upon the skin; but love cannot go the pace with it. It is the melancholy, dreamy, romantic, and yet intoxicating waltz which plays the mischief with the susceptible bachelor. It is as tantalising, in a Terpsichorean sense, as any other dance-music, if not more so; but besides this harmless physical effect upon the nerves, it exercises a subtle æsthetical influence over the soul, which is alone sufficient to establish its German origin. I speak not of the original *trois-temps*, nor of those barrel-organ arrangements which are founded upon popular comic airs, but of the legitimate *deux-temps* waltz; the Olga, the Prima Donna, the Faust, the Guards, the dangerous characteristic of all which is an under-current of some long drawn-out note, perceptible through every turn and twist of the air.

Knowing nothing of the theory of music, I cannot explain my meaning properly, but fellow-sufferers will understand me. The violin and the violoncello have this particular advantage over other instruments, that when the player gets hold of *the* chord which vibrates all up one's backbone, he can dwell upon it for any amount of time, keeping up the vibration until the whole body and soul of the listener is saturated with the music, and drawing tears from eyes which are not easily suffused. The organ, it is true, also affects you by the prolongation of its notes, but the organ is a solemn affair, and I am thinking of dance-music. The piano, on the other hand, pleases you by its brilliancy, by a constant succession of pleasant sounds, gushing out like jets from a fountain. But a waltz played on the piano, without either a violin or cornet-a-piston accompaniment, is a waltz with its fangs drawn; for the piano cannot sustain those long-drawn notes which turn your heart into water, and make you feel inclined to pour out the solution at your partner's feet.

Ah me, the years that have fled! And yet how vividly I can recall the sixth dance of the first ball of the season of 18—! When Weippart's band played the opening bars of the *Valse d'Amour*, I had no need to look at my card; the name of Cousin Ellen was engraved too deeply on my heart for that. I found her sitting behind the door, in the ice-room, talking to Carroll the barrister. She jumped up with alacrity. "Here you are at last!" she cried, taking my arm; "now I shall enjoy my first dance to-night."

"Why," said I, "you have had three; for

(Continued on page 74.)

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## NOTICE.

The new issue of the Saturday Press, in an enlarged and improved form, will be ready on or before the second of March next. The preliminary arrangements are rapidly progressing and we can safely promise our readers one of the handsomest and most spirited sheets ever published in this country.

Full particulars of the proposed change, with a Prospectus, will be given in another number. Meanwhile, our numerous friends, in and out of the city, will please receive our thanks for the interest they have manifested in the enterprise, and our assurance that no pains nor expense shall be spared to make the Saturday Press deserving their support.

Wild Egerton's lecture on "High Life and Low in New York" was delivered for the first time, on last Saturday evening, in Chicago. The local papers speak of it in high terms, and say that its delivery was interrupted, throughout, with demonstrations of applause. The audience, it appears, was one of the largest and most fashionable of the season. So a prophet is not always without honor in his own country, after all.

The cholera is confidently expected in New York early during the coming spring, and our municipal authorities are preparing to give it the freedom of the city.

Mr. Shelton McKenzie of Philadelphia is about to publish a book on "Literary Frauds;" we trust that the modesty of the author will not prevent him from enriching the work with a few chapters of auto-biography.

It is said that the Fenians are about to organize a cavalry service, the chief of which will have the title of "Head Centaur."

New Order of "I. O. O. F."—Independent Order of Old Fogies. [For further particulars, see the Journal of Commerce.]

A Warning needed at all Fashionable Assemblages.—Look out for the paint.

New Axiom.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Literal Definition of a Jury.—Twelve men in a box.

## DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I notice that my critical friend of the Tribune is still disposed to insist that the stage shall be judged by the Procrustean standard of what is called High Art.

Don't do it, my dear fellow.

Procrusteanation is the thief of time.

High comedy is doubtless a good thing; but so is low comedy—and farce, and burlesque, and extravaganza, and every other form of the Drama.

I don't object to anybody's preferring Shakespeare to De Walden—or even to Gayler (I do so, myself, at times), but I like to have my "Balloon Weddings" and my "Child-Stealers" as well as my "Merry Wives" and my "Macbeths:" yes, and my Ravels and my Hanlons as well as my Booths and my Wallacks.

When the Hanlons were performing at Wood's Theatre, last week, taking part in what was intended to be a grand carnival scene, it no more occurred to me that they were out of place in the Drama, than that a Taglioni or an Ellsler would be out of place in the Opera: and yet there are those who would exclude them, because, forsooth, "the drama is a creation of the human mind," and physical exercises are therefore unworthy of it.

And speaking of Taglioni and Ellsler, there was a movement among a few High Art people in Europe, not long since, to deprive the Opera of the ballet, on the ground that dancing wasn't intellectual—wasn't "æsthetic!"

Of course the movement failed, it being sufficient for the opera-goers that dancing entertained them, and was moreover naturally associated with music.

They admitted that it was a purely physical exercise; but then, it occurred to them, so was breathing, and, to a great extent, singing.

I know some people who object to pantomime as being unworthy of the Drama, and who look upon the Ravels not as actors—much less as artists—but as little better than a species of mountebank.

Well, go on gentlemen, and when you have raised the drama to the true æsthetic standard, by purifying it of everything that appeals to the senses, and excluding from it all such vulgar accessories as dancing, pantomime, etc., you will have only to put a pulpit on the stage and your work will be complete.

However, you needn't order your pulpits yet; for as the world grows older it grows jollier, and no effort to phylacterize or dismalize the stage will stand the slightest chance of success, till you discover a means of modifying human nature and enabling it to get along not only without the senses, but without any of the elements which now adapt it to the globe we inhabit.

All which being interpreted, Mr. Editor, means that, on the whole, I like the theatres very well as they are, and that if I made any change in them it would not be with a view to what is called High Art (which would give them all the Tuvydropsy), but with a view to making them more human.

You will laugh at me, I suppose, but the play which gives me more pleasure than almost any other that I can now think of is Boucicault's "London Assurance."

I went to see it the other night at the Olympic; you remember we sat together.

Well, there is nothing great about it—nothing particularly startling about the dialogue or in the situations—nothing very marked in the way of characterisation—nothing very remarkable in the plot; but there is an indescribable air of naturalness about the piece which, when it was first produced, operated upon the whole theatrical world like a charm.

It is some years, to be sure, since I have seen it properly put upon the stage; but, at the outset,—when the furniture used was such as might actually be used in a private house—and the scenery was in keeping—and the whole thing had an air of comfort and coziness about it—people used to wonder, as the play went on and the actors moved about the stage and chatted with each other like human beings, whether they were in a theatre or not.

And the result was that the play had a success, here and in England, which has hardly been equalled since.

Why the playwrights and managers didn't take a hint from this and produce other plays of the same character—plays with the human element predominant, and which would force the players to be more or less like men and women instead of like mannikins and puppets—is one of the many theatrical mysteries which I am unable to solve.

When will any of us cease thanking Charles Kean for introducing the human element in his representation of Louis XI—and giving us on the stage, for once, a king, who, without any violent effort of the imagination, might be considered as belonging to the human species?

I tell you, my æsthetic friends, if you wish to "reform the stage"—to "elevate the drama"—to go down to posterity as theatrical philanthropists and apostles—give up all this Podsnappian talk about "classic art," and turn your energies toward converting actors and actresses into simple human beings like—well, like George Holland, or John Owens, or Mary Gannon, or Mrs. John Sefton, or Mrs. John Wood, for example.

Try, especially if you have the courage, gentlemen, to introduce the human element upon the tragic or heroic stage, where, at present, there is scarcely the germ of it.

An actor who should give us a Richard III., a Hamlet, a Macbeth, a Richelieu, as simple human beings—like Kean's Louis XI.—who, in others words, while representing either of those characters, should speak and act regardless of tradition or precedent, and as if he himself were the character, then and there present in full flesh and blood—he would create such a sensation as the stage has hardly known for a century.

I have seen all the great tragedians of my day, and find them, in the main, essentially alike.

They differ somewhat in their style of elocution—Edwin Booth's being, to my mind, by far the best—but their general conception of the leading tragic parts is so nearly identical, that none of us could help noticing the other night, when Frank Chanfrau imitated

either of them, he unconsciously imitated them all.

The obvious reason of this is, that they all build on the same old stage model, which has been handed down from generation to generation, until it has come to be looked upon, at last, as an object of worship.

Now it is time this idol was broken—time, at all events, that tragedians of intelligence and culture should refuse any longer to bow before it.

And this is a reform, my æsthetic friends, which I will heartily join you in: for when it is accomplished, that fearful old stage walk, that horrible stage shrug, that dismal stage voice, will disappear; and with them, an amount of striding, ranting, bellowing, etc., the very thought of which is enough to make one shudder.

I know, indeed, that there is a big "other side" to all this—that there is as much humbug about what we call "natural acting" as about anything else—that for an actor to conduct himself on the stage exactly as it he were in a drawing-room would be simply to make an idiot of himself—that, in a word, a certain degree of exaggeration is necessary in order for him to produce the simplest natural effect; but admitting all this, the fact still remains that the natural effect must be produced, and that under the present system we have nothing of the kind, but, on the contrary, a series of effects so grossly unnatural that the actor often seems to us little more than one of the properties of the theatre to be packed away when the performance is over, with the rest of the trumpery, and kept in the store-room "till called for."

This is not so much the case in comedy as in tragedy, but it is more or less so in both.

For instance, in the performance at the Olympic, the other night of "London Assurance"—which I was speaking of just now—Mr. Stoddart, one of the best actors I know of, contrived to make Sir Harcourt Courtley about as stagey and unnatural a character as you can imagine; while Mr. Davenport, famed for his ease and grace in nearly every part he appears in, was scarcely better as Dazzle, and the other characters, with the exception of Cool (played by Mr. Morton), were as unnatural as anything ever seen at the Old Park.

In fact, excepting Mrs Wood's Lady Gay, which was almost *too* natural, the performance was so at variance with the spirit of the play that I doubt if the company could have done worse with one of the "old comedies."

What they did on Thursday and Friday with "The Actress by Daylight," and "The Two Friends," I am unable to report, though I can vouch for Mrs. Wood in the former, from past experience, and Mr. Davenport needs no voucher, as a rule, from anybody.

Next week, by the way, you will have a chance to see how these two artists—and artists they are in the true sense of the word—will work together in "Black-Eyed Susan" (one of Davenport's favorite pieces) and also in a comedy which proposes to solve the question, at last, of "Who killed Cock-Robin?"

These pieces will probably bring the Davenport engagement to an end, and then Mrs. Wood promises us a season of burlesque—for which much thanks.

Thanks, too, and many of them, to Miss Rushton, for introducing burlesque; and "between you and me and the Post," I think it will save her little theatre.

Schönberg's idea of burlesquing "Arrah-na-Pogue" for her, was really a brilliant one, and he has done it artistically enough to secure the approbation even of the ascetics.

The burden of the piece rests upon Mr. Harry Pearson and Miss Rosa Cooke—the latter a daughter of our late friend, J. P. Cooke.

Pearson goes through his part (Shaun of the Post) with the skill of a veteran; while Miss Cooke, who is playing her first engagement, acts and sings in the character of Arrah with a naivété and grace which serve even to enhance the effect of her youth and beauty.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to predict of this young lady, who recalls to us so pleasantly the memory of her father, that if she perseveres in her studies and remains true to the precepts in which she has been trained, her praises will soon be in all the land.

Allow me furthermore to predict that if Miss Rushton will continue to give us light and amusing plays, and will take a little more pains in putting them on the stage, her theatre will soon become one of the most attractive resorts in the metropolis.

And I want to predict something, now I am in that vein, about Wood's Theatre: but I'll wait till Chanfrau has done drawing crowds to see "Mose" and Gayler comes on with his "Child-Stealer."

Meanwhile, I'll consult De Walden who, as you may not know, has just got back from consulting the Philadelphic oracles on the subject of "Sam."

But, speaking of Wood, I hear that his *other* theatre—to wit, the Broadway—may be pulled down next summer in the interest of certain gentlemen of the dry-goods persuasion.

So the scheme of John Owens to take it for ten years, and play "Solon Shingle" every night—which I verily believe would pay—will probably have to be given up.

John's moral on the occasion is: "Go and see it every night, now, and if that don't please you, go every Saturday afternoon besides."

True, John, but what will the æsthetic folks say, especially since you threaten to add "The Wild Indian" to the performance?

However, never mind the æsthetic folks.

They are very good fellows, after all, and I have seen them this week enjoying themselves at Barnum's and the Circus as much as if they were at the Winter Garden seeing Booth's Richelieu, or at the Academy of Music hearing the "Africaine."

By the way, I haven't seen Booth's Richelieu, myself, this time; but I hear such marvels of it—and of the magnificent manner in which the play is mounted—and of the irrepressible crowds which flock to it—that I will go next week if I have to take a lady with me for protection, as I had to one night recently when I went to Niblo's to see Miss Bateman's Leah.

Apropos, not of Leah, nor of ladies, but of things I haven't seen (which wouldn't be a bad sub-title for these Feuilletons), let me confess that among them is the "Africaine," repeated by Maretzek on Thursday for the inauguration of his new season, and "The Irish Heiress," which Wallack produced on Wednesday.

Never mind: the papers chronicle them both as brilliant successes, and it is doubtful whether they would have gone off much better had I been present, or if anybody will suffer much for want of my learned opinion about them—which, moreover, can be given at my favorite period, "some other time."

Meanwhile, please note that "The Irish Heiress" will be repeated to-night, and while you are about it just look at the cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord William Daventry | Mr. John Gilbert |
| Percy Ardent | Mr. Frederic Robinson |
| Major Bellamy Fuss | Mr. C. Fisher |
| Sir William Stanmore | Mr. B. T. Richard |
| Supple, attorney-at-law | Mr. Norton |
| Lenoir, valet to Sir Wm Stanmore | Mr. J. C. Williamson |
| Euston | Mr. Ward |
| Norah Merrion | Miss Madeline Henriques |
| Lady Daventry | Mrs. Jennings |
| Mrs. Bolton Comfort | Mrs. John Sefton |

Note, also, that the "Africaine" will be repeated next week, and that for the operatic Matinée to-day we are to have "Norma."

All which being respectfully submitted, I remain (what there is left of me)

Yours trurally,

FIGARO.

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P.S. The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" will be reproduced at the Winter Garden next Wednesday evening for the benefit of Mr. Humphrey Bland.

The cast will be strong, including, among other names, Miss Rose Eytinge, Mr. John Dyott, Mr. W. S. Andrews, Mr. Barron, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Bland himself, who will appear in his famous character of Melter Moss, which he has played in New York and elsewhere nearly two hundred times.

The occasion will be one of much interest, and the house will doubtless be crowded.

The two American brothers Poznanski, recently arrived from Paris, will give a concert to-night at Irving Hall, assisted by M'me. Reville, and Signor Fossati. The performance will be under the direction of Messrs. Anschutz and Buechel. One of the Poznanskis is said to be great on the piano and the other on the violin.

The "Africaine" will be repeated at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening next. The opera for Monday will be "I Puritani.' On Thursday the "Africaine" will be given in Brooklyn. At the Matinée, to-day, the tickets will be a dollar to all parts of the house.

F.

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*(For the Saturday Press.)*

## A VERSE.

Some one, unknowingly, had touched a chord
Which, stretching backward through a group of years,
Jarred harshly on the past. Utt'ring no word,
She "hid behind her smile" the coming tears
And left the crowd. Once in her silent room,
Down sank she on the floor with piteous moan
While from the opened door of girlhood's tomb
Come trooping dreadful shadows one by one;
Slowly they pass before her hidden eyes
Slander, Oppression, Poverty and Sin,
While Hope (hid in her bosom) faints and dies,
MURDERED by cruel hints of what has been.
A few LONG moments thus, and then she rose,
Twisted once more the flowers in her hair,
And, gaily singing, she returned to those
Who never dreamed that with her came Despair!

M. E.

(Continued from page 71.)

you came in time for the second, and have not sat out once."

"Oh, that polka with Captain Moore was a perfect penance—he cannot keep step at all: and as for walking through the last quadrille with Mr. Carroll, I do not call that *dancing*. But I never enjoy waltzing with any one so much as with you, Bob; it is the one thing you can do to perfection. Every one has his or her speciality, you know, and dancing is yours."

"Ah," said I, as the fumes of the music enveloped me, "do you remember when we were children, and used to dance at Christmas parties?"

"Yes, and what a bore you used to think it!"

"True, I was blind and idiotic enough for that; I never liked dancing till I was about seventeen. But I always liked *you*, Ellen.' Here I gave her hand a gentle squeeze, and it is my firm impression that ——. But no, not on the rack would I divulge it. Let me suffer, and be strong. "Do you remember that you promised to be my little wife?"

"Did I? How foolish children are!"

"How delightful it would be." (I denounce the composer of the *Valse d'Amour* as the person who forced me to say all this) "if such a childish day-dream were to prove some day a waking reality!"

Ellen was out of breath, and uttered no reply with her tongue, but the gipsy made a most nefarious use of her eyes. Ah, if young ladies knew the effect they produce by glancing softly up at their partners in a languishing waltz, and then looking down immediately on the ground, they would not do it: or perhaps they would do it all the more: there is no trusting them. The waltz came to an end, but its effects did not cease all at once, and Bob was by no means himself again in consequence.

"I must make the most of this ball, for we are not to remain in London long, and I shall not have many this summer," said Ellen as we promenaded.

"What!" I exclaimed in a tone of disappointment, for the words were like lumps of ice dropped down the back.

"Papa has taken a house on the banks of the Thames, at Longreach. It is delightful; there is a lawn sloping down to the river, and a boat-house. You used to row when you were up at the university, did you not?"

"A little."

"That is delightful. You must come and stay whenever you can, and take an oar. Papa has gone wild on aquatics."

I went down to Longreach, when the Martins were settled in their new house, on a Saturday to Monday visit, and found everything unexpectedly delightful. Uncle William, who was accustomed to dwell upon the insignificance of my patrimony, and the improbability of my ever making an income out of my ink-pot, whenever I met him, never alluded to those chilling topics; Aunt Maria substituted her pleasant cordial face for the ordinary cold shoulder with which she treated me; Dick, the hope of the family, was less mischievous, now that he had left Eton, and commenced cramming for the army; and as for the girls, their behavior was sedately and comfortable as always.

Eden had one snake, and that wore the likeness of Carroll, who came to dinner on the Sunday in a very free-and-easy sort of way; that is, upon a general, not a special invitation.

After due reflection upon the state of things, I formed the following conclusions: That the Martin family saw that my early friendship for Cousin Nelly had become transmogrified into love; that my uncle and aunt had at length perceived my many merits, and were no longer inclined to discountenance my attentions to their daughter; that the sentiments of Ellen herself coincided with those of her parents upon this interesting subject; but that Carroll was a rival, and must be watched. I made a master-move. Carroll was nailed by business to London, and had but slight excuse for constant visits to the Martins, while my movements were free, and my presence welcome. So I found that the heat of my chambers disagreed with me, and I took bachelor lodgings in Longreach.

"Have you come into the country for a spell, Bob?" said my uncle, when he first learned the fact. "That is right; your new novel will be all the fresher for it. You must join the L. B. C. I will put you up to-night, and Thwarts shall second you. Thwarts is our Hon. Sec."

"Proud and happy I am sure," I lied. "What is the L. B. C. though?"

"Why, the Longreach Boating Club, to be sure."

"Well, I will pay my subscription, of course; but I do not know enough about rowing to be a very active member."

"O come!" said my uncle; "that will not do. I know better than that."

That evening, I was unanimously elected into the L. B. C., and introduced to the members at a cold supper, which my uncle gave at his own house; for his meals had got all queer and straggling since he had appeared in the character of a jolly middle-aged waterman; and lunch was a kind of dinner, taken at irregular hours, and tea seemed to be going on all the afternoon and evening; while the only real and comfortable repast was taken when it was dark, and no more boating could be done till the morrow.

"You will be a great accession to our club," said Mr. Thwarts to me: "you used to pull at Cambridge, I believe."

"Not much," I replied. "Of course I subscribed to the college-boat, but I never rowed in it. My boating has been entirely confined to pottering about with a cigar in my mouth. I never got hot over it in my life."

"O Bob!" cried Nelly, "when you won that handsome cup." The handsome cup was a pewter pot with a glass bottom, and the college arms engraved upon it, underneath which were inscribed the names of four victorious oarsmen and their cockswain, and I was handed down to posterity as a successful No. 3.

The pot was a swindle: we only got two boats to enter for the college scratch fours that year, and as the day fixed for the race was a wet one, we *tossed* who should be supposed to have won.

Alas! I had yielded to the promptings of vanity, and displayed the mendacious trophy to my aunt and cousins when they came to lunch at my chambers one day, in the course of a shopping carnival; and as I had suppressed the details of the race, they had gone away firmly impressed with the idea that I was fit to row for the championship of the Thames. I now told the real story, which was received with shouts of incredulous laughter.

"The invention of similar anecdotes is his professional pursuit," said my uncle in explanation.

"But this is a fact, I assure you," I cried.

"Oh, of course," said my uncle. "But the next time you tell it, Bob, take my advice, and season it with a little *fiction*, to make it sound more probable."

"I am sorry to press you to row, if you do not like it," said Thwarts; "but we have accepted a challenge from the Dedwater Rowing Club, and can only get seven oars together. Mr. Martin must row, if you will not."

"Yes," cried my uncle; "and I can hardly pull my weight; besides which, the training would kill me; so, if you persist in your refusal, Bob, you will be guilty of avunculicide."

"Dear papa!" said Ellen pathetically. "Oh! Cousin Bob!" What could a poor fellow do but yield? I yielded. When I called on the following morning, I found that Ellen was out shopping with her mother, so I took two of the younger girls out on the water; for I enjoyed aquatic exercise when taken in a rational manner—I lolling on the cushions in the stern of the boat, and they rowing me about.

"Who is this Mr. Thwarts?" I asked, thinking to extract information from Jenny, an observant puss of fifteen.

"Mr. Thwarts is a very great man," said Jenny; "he owns everything and everybody nearly about here, and is ever so rich. And he is a magistrate, and could be a member of parliament if he wished, only he prefers boating; and he likes Nelly, and papa and mamma are glad of it."

"And does Nelly *like* him?"

"I don't think she does, much," said Jenny, resting on her oar, and looking mysterious—"at least, not in the way you mean. But you must not tell I said so."

I vowed secrecy, and meditated. Carroll, then, was not the man I had to fear, but Thwarts, and I made up my mind to Thwart him. Only I could not do it; on the contrary, he thwarted me—that is, he made me row No. 5 in an eight-oar against my will. I had always pitied galley-slaves with a theoretical pity, but now I sympathised with them from my soul.

Never shall I forget my first "spin" up the river. It was all very well at first, while we paddled easily along with a slow and lingering stroke, though even then the cockswain's remarks were unpleasant, while he addressed me as "No. 5," as if I had already been a prisoner at Brest.

"Time, No. 5! More forward, No. 5 Don't pull so much with your arms, No. 5"

As if any one but Miss Biffin could pull with the legs! But after a while Thwarts began to quicken his stroke, and the effects were most unpleasant; I broke out in a violent perspiration, I got out of breath, my hands felt as though they had received the punishment of the cane, and the remembrance was

vividly enforced upon me that that scholastic instrament of torture is sometimes otherwise applied; for those nice-looking white rugs which are tied on the seats of boats are delusions and snares, especially when they wriggle round in such a manner that the knots come uppermost.

At the expiration of five minutes, which seemed like fifty, I cried out "Stop!"

"Easy all!" said the coxwain.

"What is the matter?" asked Thwarts.

"The matter is, that I am composed of flesh and blood, not iron and brass," I gasped; "that I am a man, and not a steam-engine of forty horse power."

"Ah, you are out of condition," said Thwarts. "A week's training will bring you up to the mark. However, we will take it easy to-day. Paddle on all!"

So I paddled on in silence, but I formed an inward resolution, which I broached to Nelly that very evening.

"Well," said she, as I put a gentle on the line with which she was angling at the bottom of the garden, "how does the boat go?"

"Bother the boat!" cried I. "Look there!" And I exhibited my hands, which were covered with large white bladders.

"Oh, that is nothing," said she. "I despise a man who has no blisters."

"Indeed? Then I shall be sorry to incur your scorn, but I mean to fit myself for it as soon as possible. I will not row any more."

"O Bob, when papa has set his heart on our beating the Dedwaters, and we cannot make up the eight without you; how unkind!"

"You are very warm about this boat-race," said I, sarcastically.

"I am," she replied; "I shall be *so* disappointed if you do not row."

"Yes, because you wish to please this Thwarts. But *I* have no reason for currying favor with the fellow. Hang Thwarts!"

"With all my heart; after the match."

"You little humbug!" cried I. "I know all about it!"

"What! are you, too, against me?" she said, pouting. "I thought I had one friend in dear old Bob!"

"What! you do not wish to have him, then?"

She shook her head.

"Honor bright?"

She nodded.

"Why do you wish me to make a water-martyr of myself, then?"

"Because I want to beat that horrid D. R. C. Besides, I have a reason. Do not ask me what; I will tell you some day."

After much solitary self-communing, I now came to the conclusion that my former speculations as to the state of affairs were all wrong; that uncle and aunt Martin had settled the match between Ellen and Thwarts in their own minds, and were cordial to me because I was no longer, in their estimation, dangerous as a lover, though as a familiar cousin I might act as a spur to the hesitating lover's intent; that Ellen, though not liking to run counter to her parents' wishes, much preferred myself, and that she urged me to remain in the Longreach eight to keep me near her.

I longed to put an end to my doubts and anxieties by a formal offer of marriage, and had often tried to do so. But I had been making love to her in a jocular manner ever since I was twelve and she ten years of age, and she persisted in taking everything I said in fun. Still, I thought my chances looked so well, that I obeyed her wishes, and remained one of the crew of the L. B. C.

"Have you begun training yet?" asked Thwarts, when we met at the boat-house next day.

"No," said I; "is it really necessary?"

"Of course it is. No man can last over a mile-course unless he is in training. And after all, what is it? A healthy life of moderation, temperance, and exercise in the open air for six weeks, which will be of the greatest possible advantage to your constitution, besides clearing your brain after the hard work you must have been giving it lately. By the by, what a capital story your last novel is."

In an evil hour, and totally ignorant of what was before me, I allowed myself to be cajoled, and promised to enter upon a course of training the very next day. My uncle was delighted; Ellen smiled approbation and gratitude; and my seven fellow-sufferers declared that I was a thorough good fellow; and as at that time I was still foolish enough to care for the praise or blame of my fellow creatures, I rejoiced in their applause, and went to an early couch, soothed by the consciousness of virtue.

I always sleep in summer with my bedroom window open, a practice which was peculiarly pleasant in my Longreach lodgings, because of the honeysuckle and jessamine which grew luxuriantly over the verandah immediately beneath, allowing fragrant sprays to straggle through the casement. There was a nightingale, too, who made a practice of serenading me from an opposite tree, and whose song on this particular night was particularly soothing and brilliant, though it must have been after I had dropped off to sleep that he adapted human words to his melody, and treated me to—

> Oh! had you ever a cousin, Tom?
> Did that cousin happen to sing?
> Of sisters you've got a round dozen, Tom,
> But a cousin 's a different thing.

Doubtless I dreamed that, for my sleep was profusely illustrated, and dissolving views chased each other across my retina with the rapidity of the "Scenes from the Holy Land" upon the white sheet at the Polytechnic; and all my visions that night were of a pleasing nature, especially the last, which represented an eight-oar skimming over a smooth sea, with a bride crowned with orange blossoms, and a bridegroom attired in white ducks and a straw hat, reposing luxuriously in the stern. I was that comfortable bridegroom, and cousin Nelly was—

"Hulloa! not up yet!" roared a voice of thunder, which brought me from a horizontal to a sitting posture with an electric start; and on looking in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, I saw with horror a man's head and shoulders protruded through the window.

"Go away!" I cried. "I will call the police! I will shoot you! I have a revolver under the pillow."

"Have you, though? That cannot be permitted till after the race, for you might meet with an accident."

"Thwarts!" I cried, recognising him. "How did you ever get there?"

"Climbed up the verandah, of course," he replied. "I could not wake you by shouting and throwing stones from below. But come, are you going to lie in bed all day? It is nearly seven o'clock."

"What! in the evening?" I cried, springing out.

"No, no, of course not; seven A. M., to be sure."

"Then in another three hours I will talk to you; but my constitution will not stand night-work," said I.

"Nonsense," replied Thwarts, introducing the whole of himself into my desecrated bower. "You have promised to train like the rest of us and our rule is to meet at the Angler's Joy at a quarter past seven; bathe, just a header, and out again; run from the Willows to the Rushes, which is a measured mile; cool down, and dress, and then breakfast together at the inn. Disperse till twelve, then take a short row, returning to dinner at two. Dine together, and separate till five, when we take a good spell up the river, returning to supper at eight, and turning in at ten sharp."

"We take all our meals together at the Angler's Joy, then?" I remarked.

"Yes," said Thwarts, "or some of us would be tempted to eat unlawful food. But come, look sharp; you had better do your washing and shaving after your mile run, and then you will be comfortable for breakfast. A jump in the river will do for the present."

Being in for it, I thought I would go through with it, and yielded myself up like a lamb. We found our six fellow-victims gathered at the Angler's Joy, and I rejoiced to see that they one and all looked surly: they were good-tempered fellows, as your brawny, strong-armed men for the most part providentially are; but to be torn out of bed in the middle of the night, and told to jump into a river, is trying to the most amiable disposition.

That somewhat dreaded plunge, however, was in reality very pleasant, and made one feel as fresh and active as a lark; sensations which were too soon obliterated.

"You need not take so much trouble to dry yourself," said Thwarts to me; "you will not take cold if you go in and have a rub-down directly after your run." And he started off at a round trot, an example which, one after the other, we all followed. Some ran the whole mile; others, as it was the first day of regular training, only half that distance; while I had to stop at the end of about three hundred yards, blowing like a grampus. However, with many rests, and sitting down at frequent intervals, I managed to come in a very bad eighth, and then I retired to my lodgings, and made myself comfortable for the breakfast, for which I felt very great need.

"How stale the bread is!" cried I. "I hate stale bread."

"Of course the bread is stale!" was the reply. "New bread is the worst thing possible for the wind."

"There is no tea!"

"Tea! It is poison. You may have a pint of small-bear."

"How dreadfully underdone these chops are!"

"Not a bit; the gravy is the nutritious part."

However, extreme exhaustion enabled me to make an unpalatable meal, and then I drew forth my pipe.

"What is that?" cried Thwarts. "My dear fellow, you must not smoke at this time of day. One pipe after supper is all we allow, and even that is bad for the wind."

"But," cried I, in dismay, "my allowance is half a pound of shag and a quarter of a box of cigars a week!"

"So is mine, quite that," murmured No. 2.

"And mine!" said Bow.

"One pipe after breakfast could never hurt," added No. 4.

I had very nearly excited a mutiny; but Thwarts talked his crew over, consoling them with the reflection that their abstinence was only to be for six weeks, at the expiration of which time they might smoke another penny off the income-tax, if they liked.

Having my pipe put out was not the worst part of the business. I must confess that I do like my dinner, and am accustomed to look forward to it with considerable cheerfulness, and now that I had a ravenous appetite, which I could not remember being blest with since the happy days of childhood, I was obliged to squander it upon disgusting raw beef-steaks and vulgar malt liquor, and any secret infringement of the rules laid down for our guidance, produced a sensation as if the heart was bursting when we "put it on" during the evening's spin up the river.

Well, my "wind" certainly improved, and my muscles grow more powerful; but my unfortunate hands became completely flayed, so that I had to row in gloves, and I was obliged to have my flannel trousers thickly padded, so that the joys of training did not grow upon me, as I had been assured they would after the first; on the contrary, I marked off the six weeks on my almanac, and scratched out every day, as it passed, with the eagerness of a school-boy watching the approach of the holidays. And oh! how I enjoyed the Sundays.

One thing fairly puzzled me, and that was the great interest which Carroll, the barrister, suddenly took in the L. B. C. eight in general and my unworthy self in particular. I had known him, it was true, from boyhood, but of late years we had only seen each other occasionally, our paths of life being diverse. Why, then, did he come bustling up to Longreach and calling at my lodgings five days in the week? What made him so hostile to the inoffensive Dedwaters, that he out-uncled my uncle in his desire that we should humble their pride, or, as he inelegantly expressed himself, "should take the shine out of them?" To what could his anxiety lest I should "overdo it," and the cunning ointments he provided for my abrasions, be ascribed? Did he conclude that we were both unsuccessful lovers, and had he a sympathy for me, the result of our common misfortune? Did he wish to prove, by taking an interest in the success of Thwart's boat, that he had not been cut out by that landed young man, but had merely felt a friendship for Ellen, which was in nowise affected by her engagement to another?

I observed one evening, after he had run on the bank for upwards of three miles, coaching us, that he was very disinterested.

"Not exactly," he replied. "One of the Dedwater crew offered three to one on his boat at the club a fortnight ago, and as I liked the style in which you went the day before, when I happened to see you, I took him."

"To any amount?"

"In hundreds."

This, certainly, was some slight explanation of his interest, for a hundred pounds is a nasty sum to lose, and three hundred a nice sum to win, for a professional man.

At the end of three weeks' training, I had an eruption of boils, which were very painful, and exceedingly disagreeable. But when I sought for pity, I was told that it was all right, and they would do me all the good in nature. I also observed that Carroll was not welcome to my uncle and aunt, in spite of his aquatic enthusiasm. Ha! was he still to be feared? No, no; Ellen could never inflict all this misery upon a poor wretch, even if he were a cousin, without intending to recompense him. Still, I was uneasy in mind; as for my body, all ease had departed from that weeks before.

The day of the match drew near, but I did not dread it; on the contrary, had it been a duel or a battle, I should have hailed the event which put an end to the preparation. I have heard that soldiers who have been investing a town for some time are madly impatient for the assault, preferring the most forlon-hope ot not being blown up, skewered, or chopped down, to the certainty of work in the trenches; and I can easily understand it.

What puzzles me more is, that when the day actually arrived, and the hostile boat made its appearance, and the river was covered with gay barges, and the lawns on the bank with tents and ladies, I actually caught the infection which I had escaped during the whole six weeks' training, and became absurdly anxiously to win, I could have punched the heads of those Dedwater fellows; I rejoiced to observe that one of them had a slight cold, and that another seemed weak about the loins. More; as the time approached, I grew so excited, that I staked money, ay, as much as I could earn in three months with this pen, on our boat! It was temporary insanity.

My uncle's preparations for celebrating the regatta were grand. Both the crews were to dine with him afterwards; and the festivities were to terminate in a ball, held in a large marquee erected on the lawn; and the trees of the garden were profusely hung with little colored lamps, to give a fairy-like effect to the scene.

Of the race, I cannot tell you much. I can remember paddling up to the starting-place, and a man in a ten-oared waterman's boat saying:

"Are you ready? Go!"

But immediately after that I lost consciousness of everything except that my frame was bursting, splitting, blowing up, and coming to pieces generally; that the idea of surviving was absurd, but that it did not much matter; and that I hoped for speedy dissolution, or some other termination of the race. Just as I was perfectly convinced that I had only two seconds more to live, there was a tremendous shouting, and the coxswain (O, how I loathed that little man!) yelled out:

"Now, then, come away! We're ahead! Six strokes more with a will, and we can't lose! Hurrah!"

And I just roused myself for a final effort, which lasted, not for six strokes, but at least for twenty, and rolled backwards upon No. 4. But it did not matter; the L. B. C. had won.

I had earned any amount of praise, and as much reward as I could get, from Ellen; I had won my money; I could eat, drink, and smoke what and how much I chose. The training was over! In spite of exhaustion, that idea was delicious!

So was my uncle's dinner; heaps of good things, and nothing interdicted! Even Ellen's ingratitude could not spoil my appetite, and I put it to any one whether she was good.

"Well, Nelly," I cried, on first seeing her after the race, "we have won, you see."

"So I suppose," she replied listlessly.

"Are you not glad?"

"Glad? O yes, of course. Very nice, wasn't it?"

"I tell you what, Ellen," said I, "if you had only spoken in that tone before, you would have saved me the most unpleasant six weeks I ever spent in my life."

"Poor old Bob!" she cried; "I am really very glad; only I have a headache, and am *so* stupid."

"I hope you will be all right to-night," said I, as she went off.

"What do you mean, Bob?" said she stopping short, and turning pale.

"Why, for the ball, of course."

"O yes, to be sure," she cried with a laugh, "the ball! I told you I was stupid to-day."

I repeat that I intensely enjoyed my dinner, but for the dancing afterwards I had no great mind: I was stiff, I was sore, and I had long arrears of tobacco to pull up. There was a delightful amount of freedom and ease about the party; those who liked, stopped in the tent and danced, those who preferred it wandered about the grounds; it was of little use to engage partners beforehand, and none at all to hunt for them if they were not in the marquee when the band struck up. I took advantage of this state of things, and withdrew to a quiet nook I knew of under a willow which overhung the river, settled myself comfortably and filled my largest meerschaum.

With lights and music at some little distance behind me, a comfortable quantum of claret inside me, and the dark-flowing river before me, time passed rapidly, and I had sat smoking and idly dreaming of past trials and future hopes, the latter all connected with my pretty cousin, for upwards of an hour, when my attention was drawn to an object on the water, which, as my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I soon made out to be a wherry, approaching the spot where I sat. It might be only some uninvited neighbor, enjoying the freshness of the air and the music, but it was a late hour for indulging such a fancy, and my curiosity was excited. Nor was it diminished when the boat stole quietly under the willow, and was made fast to the bank; nor when a female figure, enveloped in a voluminous shawl, and carrying a large carpet-bag, came hurriedly along the path; nor when a man leaped from the boat, and took the carpet-bag aforesaid from her hand.

A keen pang of suspicion and jealousy shot through my heart, as I rose and approached the pair, to their evident alarm.

"It is only Bob!" said the voice of Nelly presently. "O Bob, how you frightened me!"

"Are you going for a row?" I asked with desperate calmness."

"Yes. Don't say anything about it; there is a good boy."

"May I ask who with?" I could not help saying.

"With me, Carroll, to be sure!" said the voice of that hateful barrister. "Why, you must have seen how the land lay, surely, old fellow. We are sorry to have to take this step; but Mr. Martin is so determined that Ellen shall be thrown away upon that fellow Thwarts that there is nothing else to be done. Let me take this opportunity of thanking you sincerely for falling into our plans, and going in for this race, to give me an opportunity of perpetually coming down here on the pretence of coaching you, and seeing how the boat was getting on. The three hundred pounds, too, will be most useful for preliminary expenses. But we must be off. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear Bob," said Nelly, holding out her hand.

I made a violent effort to put a good face on the matter; and after having been so egregiously duped all along, I had to put the final touch by helping them into the boat and shoving them off, and in doing this I nearly fell into the water, and had to grasp a handful of drooping twigs to recover my balance.

The boat vanished into the night, and when I turned from the spot with a heavy heart, I found a bough of willow in my hand.

"Pshaw!" cried I, throwing it away.

There was a terrible disturbance when the elopement was known, but the Martins forgave the couple in a few weeks; and when all turned out well, and Carroll's position at the bar became more and more established, my uncle was even jocular on the subject.

"Ah!" said he, at a certain christening dinner, "these barristers are such imposing fellows; give them an inch, and they will take a Nell!"

It is all very well for him to joke; but I shall marry for money.

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**Perfumeries for the Handkerchief.**

They come from Flowers which are

"DAY STARS! that ope their eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altar sprinkle,
As a libation!"

"Pond Lily," "May Flower," "Garden Lavender," "Rose Leaf Geranium," "Rondeletia," "Patchoulie." Also, "Thibet Musk," and "Jockey Club." Jaques' Perfumery is the best in the market.

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GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
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We shall not speak here of the superb tone, features, and other characteristics of our Instruments, but we invite with confidence, intelligent Professors, Amateurs, and all who take an interest in the progress of the Pianoforte, to call at our establishment, to convince themselves that the merits of our Instruments are not overrated.

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MARSCHALL & MITTAUER'S
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**SCALE PIANO-FORTES,**
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OLD EYES MADE NEW.

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**THE RUGGLES GEMS.**

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OIL PAINTINGS
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AMERICAN SCENERY,

from sketches made from nature, by RUGGLES,
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**GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,**

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-two first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with two hundred and sixty-nine pianos, from all parts of the world.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS
is directed to their
PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, in all their grands and highest-priced square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that they have determined to introduce their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement

Extract from the Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS:

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEINWAY Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch

We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.

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**MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY.**

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The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made, of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers

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They purify, strengthen and invigorate
They create a healthy appetite
They are an antidote to change of water and diet
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in he world They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature' great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and saloons. Only genuine when cork is covered by our private U S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen s boon The 'sweetest thing" and largest quantity Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration
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It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation
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# AMUSEMENTS.

## ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA. SEASON OF 1866.
MAX MARETZEK.....DIRECTOR.

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 5, 1866,
[THIRD SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT,]
I PURITANI,
With a most brilliant and complete cast, including
MISS CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG,
SIGNOR ETORE IRFRE,
SIGNOR BELLINI,
SIGNOR ANTONUCCI.
CONDUCTOR.....SIGNOR TORIANI.
ON TUESDAY EVENING,
"L'AFRICAINE."
WEDNESDAY, A FAVORITE OPERA.
On THURSDAY, February 8, Opera in Brooklyn,
L'AFRICAINE.

## ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

GRAND CONCERT
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE GERMAN HOSPITAL,
on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 3, at 8 o'clock.
The following artists have kindly consented to assist on this occasion:
Mme. ELENA D'ANGRI,
Herr WILLIAM FORMES,
Mr. S. B. MILLS.
Also, a large Male Chorus, numbering 500 SINGERS, under the direction of
Mr. A. PAUR,
and an Orchestra of 60 PERFORMERS, under the direction of
Mr. C. ANSCHUTZ.
Mr. CARL BERGMANN,
Mr. THEO. THOMAS.
Tickets can be procured at the following places:
Academy of Music.
Schubert & Co., No. 820 Broadway.
Beer & Schirmer, No. 701 Broadway.
PRICES OF ADMISSION: $2,
including reserved seats for Balcony and Parquette (without additional charge), and can be obtained at the Academy only.
Reserved Seats (box tier).....$3 00
Family Circle.....50
LOUIS GEILFUSS,
Secretary.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

Sole Lessee and Directress.....Mrs. John Wood
Stage Manager.....J. H. Selwyn

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New rk Herald

THIS SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 3.
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
appear in her celebrated impersonation of
ANNE BRACEGIRDLE,
petite comedy written expressly for her, and en-
THE ACTRESS BY DAYLIGHT:
OR, THE WOMAN AND THE ARTIST.
Previous to which will be presented for the first time, the beautiful drama in two acts,
THE TWO FRIENDS,
in which the favorite and eminent actor,
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT
will appear. Both pieces produced with a cast including Miss Ellen Newton, Miss Kate Newton, Messrs. J. H. Stoddart, J. Lewis, G. W. Garrison, etc., etc.
SATURDAY Evening,
ACTRESS BY DAYLIGHT AND THE TWO FRIENDS.
MONDAY Evening, Feb. 5,
Will be presented for the first time in America, a Comedy, in two acts, entitled
WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN,
and the interesting Drama, for the first time here, of
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.
In both of which pieces
MRS. JOHN WOOD AND MR. E. L. DAVENPORT,
will appear.
In active preparation, a new Burlesque, and a
ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR DRAMA.
Doors open at 7½; Curtain rises precisely a quarter to 8. Seats can be secured three days in advance.

## BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets,
THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN the NEW YORK HERALD.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE CIRCUS.
CIRCUS AND DRAMA TWICE EACH DAY.
AFTERNOON AT 2, EVENING AT 7½.
CIRCUS TROUPE and THOROUGHBRED HORSES.
TRICK PONY—EQUESTRIAN STARS.
PERFORMING THREE-HORNED BULL.
SPLENDID ACTS OF HORSEMANSHIP.
Previous to Circus the Romantic Drama of
SONS OF THE REPUBLIC.
W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer.
GREAT LIVING CURIOSITIES.
THREE IMMENSE GIANTS—THREE DWARFS.
TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS—LIVING SKELETON.
MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN—GLASS BLOWERS.
Albino Boy, Cosmorama, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

# AMUSEMENTS.

## WALLACK'S—

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
☞ This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.
SATURDAY,
second time,
THE IRISH HEIRESS.
Characters by Messrs. Gilbert, C. Fisher, Frederick Robinson, Norton, Ringgold, Williamson, Miss Madeline Henriques, Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. John Wilson.
MONDAY,
THE RIVALS.
With appropriate scenery and appointments, and a very powerful cast, the Rev. Jas. White's fine play,
THE KING OF THE COMMONS,
will be produced on TUESDAY next.

## WINTER GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....W. STUART.
Stage Manager.....J. G. HANLEY
This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
Mr. STUART has to announce that on
TO-NIGHT
Mr. EDWIN BOOTH
will appear in his grand role of
ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS,
CARDINAL DUKE DE RICHELIEU,
in Sir Bulwer Lytton's play of
RICHELIEU; or, THE CONSPIRACY,
the second of Mr. BOOTH'S revivals.
The scene of the drama, in which the grand and quaint figure of the Cardinal—the most splendid portrait of a great man for the French perhaps ever drawn—is the center of lofty aims and sordid quarrels of high-souled ambition and petty intrigue, is laid in 1641, the last year but one of his life. "The Conspiracy" is by allowable license, formed out of certain passages in the treason of Cinq Mars, and in the treachery of the elder favorite Barades. The period admits of much magnificence of appliance, and no effort or expense has been spared to render the scenery, dresses and minutest appointments exact to the age and persons portrayed, and to render as perfect as practicable the cast of characters.
Miss Rose Eytinge will appear as.....Julie de Mortemer
Mr. Chas. Barron.....De Mauprat
Mr. J. H. Taylor.....Baradas
Joseph, a Capuchin.....Mr. John Dyott
Louis XIII.....Mr. W. A. Donaldson
Huguet, an officer of Richelieu's Guard, Mr. C. Kemble Mason
Sieur de Beringhen.....Mr. W. S. Andrews
François, first page to Richelieu.....Mr. W. F. Burroughs
Gaston, Duke of Orleans.....Mr. J. Duell
Governor of Bastille.....Mr. H. Bland
Marion de l'Orme.....Mrs. Marie Wilkins
The scenery for Mr. Booth's Richelieu has been painted by Messrs. Witham, Van Hanlein, Hilliard and assistants.
The original music composed by Mr. Robert Stoepel.
The costumes made by Mons. Robin, Rue Richelieu, Paris; M. Toledo, Keyser, Mrs. Bohaman and assistants.
The machinery by Messrs. Arthur, Wright, Weeks and assistants.
The furniture and properties by Messrs. Keogh and assistants.
The armors by G. M. Funsi.
Doors will open at 7 o'clock; performance at 7½.
On WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 7,
A GRAND BOOTH MATINEE
OF
RICHELIEU.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, Feb. 7,
BENEFIT
OF
MR. H. BLAND.

## NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
Begins at 7¼. Concludes at 10.15.
THIRD AND LAST WEEK BUT TWO
OF THE
GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDIENNE,
MISS BATEMAN,
whose wonderful impersonation of the original character of
LEAH,
has attracted each evening
OVERFLOWING HOUSES.
This SATURDAY Evening, February 3, 1866, and every evening will be presented Mosenthal's beautiful play of
LEAH,
A JEWISH MAIDEN,
in which Miss BATEMAN will sustain her original character of LEAH, and the following powerful cast, embracing the names of Messrs. J. C. Cowper, J. G. Burnett, J. B. Studley, D. E. Bolton, Geo. Becks, E. B. Holmes, W. H. Danvers, Barry, Nell, Rendle, etc.; Misses A. Perry, Farren, A. Chapman, Everett, Burke, Lulu, etc.
The Play produced with
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,
ORIGINAL MUSIC,
NEW AND CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES
AND APPOINTMENTS.
Admission, 75 cts.; Reserved seats, $1.; Orchestra chairs, $1 50; Seats in Dress Circle Private Boxes, $1 50; Family Circle, entrance on Crosby street, 50 cts.; Private Boxes, $5, $8, and $10.
Seats secured six days in advance

## IRVING HALL.

I. B. POZNANSKI,
The great Violinist, and
JOSEPH POZNANSKI,
The eminent Pianist,
have the honor to announce that they will give their
FIRST GRAND CONCERT IN THIS UNITED STATES,
On SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 24, 1866,
Assisted by the following artists:
MADAME WILLIAMS REVELLI, Soprano,
From the Royal Academy of Music, London,
Her first appearance in New York.
SIGNOR FORMATI, Basso Cantante,
From La Scala and Rome.
Messrs. ANSCHUTZ and BUCHEL, Conductor, and
A FULL ORCHESTRA,
under the direction of CARL ANSCHUTZ.
ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR.
Reserved seats 50 cents extra. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Beer & Schirmer's, Scharfenberg & Lutz, Schreiber & Co.'s, and Pond & Co.'s music stores—and John H. Barnett, stationer, No. 49 William near Wall street, and at the door.
Reserved seats may be had at Beer & Schirmer's, No. 701 Broadway, and Schubert & Co.'s, No. 839 Broadway.
The Grand Piano used is from the manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, No. 652 Broadway, N. Y.

## WOOD'S THEATRE.—

Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
MANAGER.....GEORGE WOOD
THIS EVENING, AND WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON,
The great Character Delineator,
Mr. CHANFRAU,
will appear as MOSE,
MOSE, MOSE,
In a GLANCE AT NEW YORK IN 1848,
to be preceded by the elegant commedietta of
THE MODEL OF A WIFE.
Mons. Bonnefoi.....Mr. Chanfrau
To conclude with the
IRISH TIGER.
Paddy Ryan, with song and dance.....G. C. Davenport
MONDAY EVENING AND WEDNESDAY MATINEE.
The performance will commence with
THE DEBUTANTE,
in which Mr. Chanfrau will appear, concluding with the
THE IRISH TUTOR,
introducing Mr. G. C. Davenport.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

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Established in 1823
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
# PIANOS.

Fifty-five Medals, in Gold, Silver and Bronze, have been awarded for these Pianos, as
FIRST PREMIUMS OVER ALL COMPETITION
OPINIONS OF EMINENT ARTISTS.
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"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America."
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"For volume and fine quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, the Chickering Pianos are unequalled."
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"I always use and always recommend your Pianos my pupils and friends
MUZIO.
"I consider your Pianos the finest I have ever played upon."
REASONS WHY THEY ARE THE BEST.
IMMENSE CAPITAL with which to obtain the best workmen; to keep on hand stocks of the best material, to be seasoned for years.
FACTORY.—The largest in the world, occupying five acres of ground, and its united floors 82 feet wide and a mile and a quarter in length.
MACHINERY.—The most complete and expensive of any Piano Factory in the country, many parts without a duplicate, being invented expressly by the elder Mr CHICKERING.
EXPERIENCE.—With these advantages, after the labor of a half century, during which time they have manufactured thirty thousand Pianos, they now offer the public an entire new scale Piano, the most perfect ever made.
RESULT.—Messrs. Chickering & Sons are now making more Pianos than any firm in the United States, and
EXPORT to Europe yearly a large number of instruments which are used by the leading artists of the day. Their reputation has become WORLD-WIDE
WAREROOMS,
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